

**WATCH  
OUT...  
THERE'S  
A PERP  
AB UT!**

# 2000 AD

FEATURING JUDGE DREDD

£1.60 Malaysia  
70c Australia  
77c New Zealand  
(inc G.S.T.)  
80g Mercury  
210g Venus  
66g Mars  
110g Saturn  
2g Pluto  
420g Neptune

**26p**  
EARTH  
MONEY

IN ORBIT  
EVERY  
MONDAY

PROG 498  
29 NOV 86



**...PAST TENSE!**

—Smith—



# Slaine

"Behold the days come and the whole devilish public procession goes forth. The new year is consecrated with old blasphemies. Whatever deformities are lacking in nature, art labours to fashion. People are dressed as cattle and men are turned into women."

"If anyone goes about as a stag or a bull, that is making himself into a wild animal by putting on the head of a beast; penance for three years because this is devilish."

Early Christian account of the old Pagan Rituals.



WE WATCHED FROM THE FAR SHORE AS SLAINE BEGAN THE LONG CLIMB... THREADING THE MAZE TO JOIN THE ARCH-DRUIDS ON THE SUMMIT...

THIS TEST SLAINE MUST GO THROUGH ALONE.

AND IF HE SUCCEEDS, DO WE GET THE TREASURE? THE SPOILS OF ANNWN?

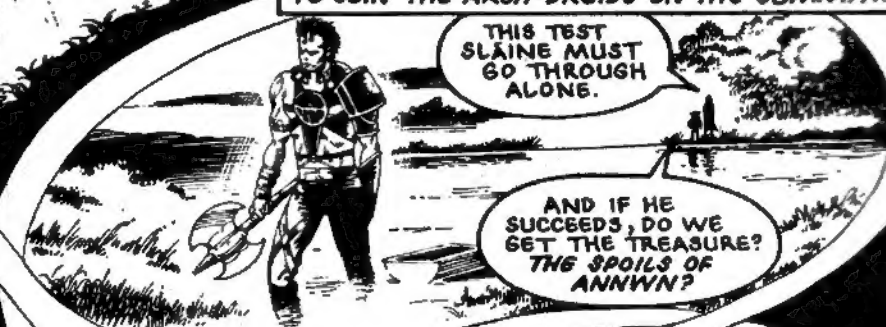
EH? EH?

THE ANSWER LIES UP THERE, UKKO...

...AT THE CENTRE OF THE LABYRINTH.



SCRIPT: PAT MULLS  
ART: COLLINS/MARNER  
LETTERING: STEVE POTTER



THE LABYRINTH WAS FORMED  
BY THE SEVEN COILS OF THE  
EARTH SERPENT...

SLAINE COULD  
FEEL ITS POWER  
HISSING  
THROUGH THE  
SOIL... GUIDING  
HIS FOOTSTEPS...

TOWARDS THE  
STARS...

...THE GIANT FIGURES  
OUTLINED IN THE SKY  
BY GLOWING LEY-LINES  
AND BEACONS OF FIRE...

... ABOVE  
CAER SIDI...

AND IT SEEMED  
TO SLAINE THE  
CASTLE WAS  
REVOLVING  
SLOWLY ROUND  
AND ROUND...

WHILE HE WAS  
SUSPENDED  
BETWEEN THEM...  
BETWEEN HEAVEN  
AND EARTH.

FOR THIS WAS THE  
PURPOSE OF THE MAZE...  
TO RAISE THE INITIATE'S  
CONSCIOUSNESS AND  
PREPARE HIM FOR THE  
INNER MYSTERIES OF  
ALBION...

WELCOME...  
YOU HAVE DONE  
WELL TO COME  
THIS FAR.





EACH DRUID STOOD FOR A STAR SIGN...  
TAURUS, PHOENIX AND VIRGO APPROACHED  
... THE LATTER REPRESENTED BY A SHE-MALE  
SIGNIFYING THE UNITY OF EARTH MOTHER  
AND SUN FATHER...

AS SLAINE ENTERED THE  
STONE CIRCLE, HE SAW  
ALBION WAS REPRESENTED  
BY A GREEN GIANT WITH  
A TERRIBLE WOUND IN  
HIS THIGH...

COME  
ALONG,  
COME ALONG!  
I HAVEN'T ALL  
NIGHT!

WE KNEW  
THAT ONE  
DAY YOU  
WOULD BECOME  
A SACRED SUN  
KING...

...THAT IS WHY  
WE PROTECTED YOU  
ONCE BEFORE.

FOR YOUR  
FUTURE, LIKE ALL  
OUR FUTURES, IS  
IN THE STARS.

\*SEE SKY CHARIOTS,  
PROG 360.

THIS IS A TIME  
THAT IS NOT A TIME,  
IN A PLACE THAT IS NOT  
A PLACE,  
ON A NIGHT THAT IS NOT  
A NIGHT,  
BETWEEN THE WORLDS  
AND BEYOND.

YES, YES,  
WE KNOW ALL  
THAT! GET ON  
WITH IT!

IT MUST  
BE GWYN AP  
NUDD—THE  
KING OF  
ANNWN!

GWYN—THE PALE  
ONE... SON OF THE  
TURNER OF THE  
SOLAR WHEEL.

WHATEVER POWER THE DRUIDS HAD  
USED TO BRING THE GIANT BACK  
TO LIFE, THEY SEEMED UNABLE  
TO CONTROL HIM...

THE CIRCLE IS  
SEALED AND ALL HEREIN  
ARE TOTALLY APART FROM  
THE OUTSIDE WORLD  
THAT WE MAY—

THAT WE  
MAY GET TO THE  
BUSINESS IN  
HAND!

SIRE,  
PLEASE!  
THE RITUALS  
MUST BE  
OBSERVED.

RITUALS  
MY BACKSIDE! WE TITANS  
BUILT THIS TEMPLE! TAUGHT  
YOU MIDGETS EVERYTHING  
YOU KNOW! SO DON'T TELL  
ME ABOUT RITUALS!  
GET ON WITH IT!

THE TEST  
IS VERY SIMPLE,  
YOU LITTLE UPSTART  
... YOU CUT OFF MY  
HEAD TONIGHT...

AND I  
AVENGE IT  
BY CUTTING  
OFF YOURS  
TOMORROW  
NIGHT!

BUT YOU HAVE THE POWER  
TO REMAIN ALIVE AFTER BEING  
BEHEADED... AND I DO NOT.

HAH! HE  
WORKED THAT  
OUT ALL BY  
HIMSELF! YOU  
MIDGETS ARE  
GETTING  
BRIGHTER!

MAKE UP  
YOUR MIND,  
PITIFUL STRIPLING.  
THE TEST IS A  
SIMPLE ONE - NOT TOO  
DIFFICULT EVEN FOR  
YOUR FLY-SIZED BRAIN  
... THOUGH FEW  
MIDGETS LIKE THE  
SOUND OF IT, AND  
LESS HONOUR  
IT...

IF YOU  
AGREE, IT'LL  
BE A BAD  
NIGHT FOR  
YOU!

AND A  
WORSE...

...FOR  
YOU!

THE TITAN LIMPED TOWARDS A TUNNEL  
LEADING DOWN INTO THE TOR...

UNTIL  
TOMORROW  
NIGHT THEN,  
INSECT!

THE SHE-  
MALE MADE  
OGHAM  
SIGNS  
OVER THE  
CUP...

THE KING IS DEAD,  
LONG LIVE THE KING!  
STONE KING RETURN TO SLEEP,  
GREEN KING AWAKE.  
MAKE THE SUN SHINE,  
THE RAIN FALL AND THE  
LAND FERTILE AGAIN.



THE EARTH SERPENT  
WAS DRAWN OUT  
OF THE GROUND  
INTO THE CUP...

OUR GODDESS  
IS A GODDESS OF  
LOVE. AT HER BLESSING  
AND DESIRE, THE SUN  
BRINGS LIFE  
ANEW.

LET THE  
SPLENDID  
PRODUCT OF  
HER SERPENT  
SHINE  
FORTH!

THE LEGENDARY DRUID'S  
EGG! FROM WHICH  
WOULD HATCH...

...THE PHOENIX...  
THE EAGLE OF  
THE SUN!

RADIATING  
THE THREE  
RAYS OF  
POWER...  
SYMBOL OF  
THE LIGHT.

THE PHOENIX FLEW  
OVER THE STONE  
DOORS... IMITATING  
THE SUN PASSING  
THROUGH EACH  
HOUSE OF THE  
ZODIAC...

AND IT SEEMED TO  
SLAINE HE WAS THE  
SUN, NOW ENTITLED TO  
CIRCLE THE STARS IN  
SUN-WISE ORDER.

AND THE STONES WERE SINGING!

FOR EACH DOOR  
REPRESENTED A  
GROUP OF STARS,  
THEIR STELLAR  
POWER DRAWN  
INTO THE VERY  
ROCK...

SO THAT AS  
THE SUN PASSED,  
IT ACTED AS A  
SOLAR  
INSTRUMENT—  
CAUSING A  
CONSTELLATION  
OF SOUND TO  
BURST FORTH...

...IN A CELESTIAL SYMPHONY.



AT LAST THE EXHAUSTED PHOENIX SANK TO THE GROUND AND DIED... AS THE SUN ROSE BETWEEN THE STONES...

AND BELOW...

LOOK, UKKO!  
THE DAWNING OF  
AQUARIUS!

WHY DO  
THEY CALL  
THE PHOENIX  
AQUARIUS? THE  
WATER CARRIER?  
DOESN'T MAKE  
SENSE.

A NEW  
DAY DAWNS!  
THE RITE IS  
DONE.  
GO, MY SON.  
MERRY MEET,  
MERRY PART.

MERRY  
MEET,  
MERRY  
PART.

TRULY MOTHER  
EARTH IS GENEROUS  
WITH HER GIFTS.

YOU'RE LIKE  
ALL MEN. YOU DON'T  
VALUE TREASURES  
YOU COME BY TOO  
EASILY...

YOU ONLY  
WANT THAT WHICH  
YOU CAN'T  
HAVE.

AS SLAINE JOINED US AND TOLD  
WHAT HAD OCCURRED...

YOU AGREED TO  
THIS GIANT BEHEADING  
YOU TOMORROW?  
WHY?

BECAUSE  
THAT WAS THE  
TEST. AQUARIUS  
IS THE SIGN OF  
HOPE... OF A  
NEW AGE... A  
KING MUST  
HOPE FOR A  
BETTER FUTURE  
FOR HIS  
PEOPLE...

IT PROVES SLAINE IS AN  
OPTIMIST TO THINK HE CAN SOME-  
HOW SURVIVE HIS AGREEMENT  
WITH THE GIANT.

AN  
IDIOT  
MORE LIKE!  
WHAT'S SO  
HOPEFUL  
ABOUT  
DEATH?

NOTHING  
LIVES LONG, UKKO—  
ONLY THE EARTH AND  
THE MOUNTAINS.

AH, YES...

... BUT  
WHAT IS THE  
QUESTION?

AND  
WHAT ABOUT  
THE SPOILS OF  
ANNWN? YOU  
TOLD ME THE  
ANSWER  
LAY UP  
THERE!

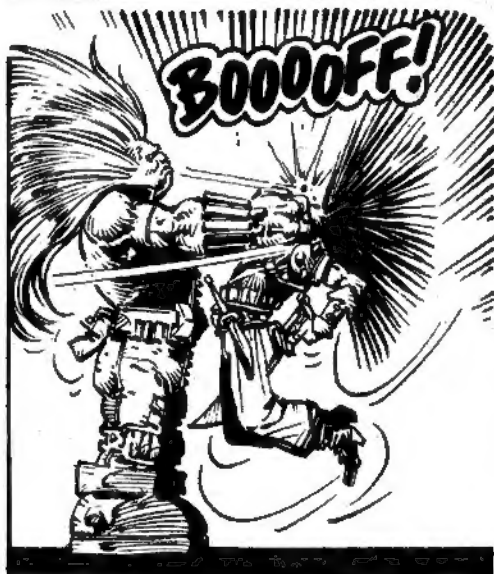
NEXT:

THE FINAL TEST IN THE CASTLE OF THE FISHER KING!



# ACE TRUCKING CO. The Garpetbaggers









ANYWAYS, ALL'S ZIPPO  
THAT ENDS ZIPPO. ONLY  
THANG NOW IS— WHAT  
WE GONNA DO WITH OUR  
DOUBLEBLUBBIN'  
BUDDY HERE?

TASTE  
OF OWN  
MEDICINE,  
THAT  
WHAT!



GOOD IDEE!  
SHOOV HIM IN!

SHIVER  
ME LIVER!  
WHAT'S A-  
HAPPENIN'?



YOU GO DANCE  
TO DIFFERENT  
TUNE NOW. FEEK  
SET TO AUTOMATIC  
— MAKE SLIGHT  
ADJUSTMENT—AND  
PRESTO! *MUCHO  
FORTISSIMO!*



SHIVER ME  
AAAAARGH!  
I'LL AAAARGH!  
YE FOR THIS,  
GARPS, SO  
HELP ME  
AAARGH!



AND THUS ENDETH  
THE QUEST FOR THE  
BURIED TREASURE  
OF MOVIEOLA —

'S BEEN SOME MUG'S  
LUG! GONNA BE ZIPPO  
TO MAKE THE FLIPFLOP  
BACK TO SOME  
REGULAR TRUCKIN'!

YOU FORGET  
IT, ACE! FIRST  
THING WE DO,  
WE HEAD FOR  
USED LUGOUT  
WHERE WHOLE  
CRAZY MESS  
START!



YOU  
OUTLIVE  
WELCOME,  
ACE— BY  
LONG WAY!  
YOU GOING  
*HOME!*

HRRMM!  
YOU  
CERTAINLY  
ARE!



*SNEESH!*  
WITH BUDDIES  
LIKE YOU TWO,  
WHO NEEDS  
EVIL GUTS?

*The End!*

By Milligan  
Frame McCarthy

# ...OR LATER

"THE JOURNEY IS ENDING. ETHER CITY, THE KATSBREATHS, SCARAB ILLUMINATI, THE JOBFINDER GENERAL, INTERNATIONAL WASTE DISPOSAL INC., SWEENEY TODD, THE SKELETONS OF OLD LEADERS - LIKE SNAKES THE MEMORIES ENTWINE THEMSELVES AROUND MICKY'S WAKENING MIND, ALL THE OBSCENE GOBS OF OLD FOOLS AND LIARS SPLUTTERING NOW LIKE RADIOS DYING IN A DISTANT ROOM."

"THE JOURNEY IS ENDING. A POLYPHONOUS RACKET, THE OLD SMELL OF RAIN ON DUSTY PAYEMENTS, THE SAD WAFT OF SOMETHING SOMEWHERE ROTTING."

BARP!

"THE JOURNEY IS ENDING. FAMILIAR STREETS BENEATH FAMILIAR SKIES. LONDON. CAMDEN TOWN. HOME. 1986."

THE JOURNEY IS ENDING. NO. A JOURNEY LIKE THIS CAN NEVER END. A JOURNEY LIKE THIS MUST BE LIVED AND RE-LIVED EVERY DAY.

THIS JOURNEY CANNOT END.

WHAT DO YOU THINK, MR SWIFT? IT'S FOR OUR LISTENERS BACK IN ETHER CITY. A PROGRAMME CALLED 'DOWN THEIR EPOCH'.

IT'S A LOAD OF PURPLE TOSH, MISTER. THE MASSES' WILL PROBABLY LOVE IT.

RADIO

NEXT: NEXT!



**FAST MOVING!  
TOUGH TRACKING!**

# The WILD BUNCH

THE POWER IS AT  
YOUR FINGERTIPS!

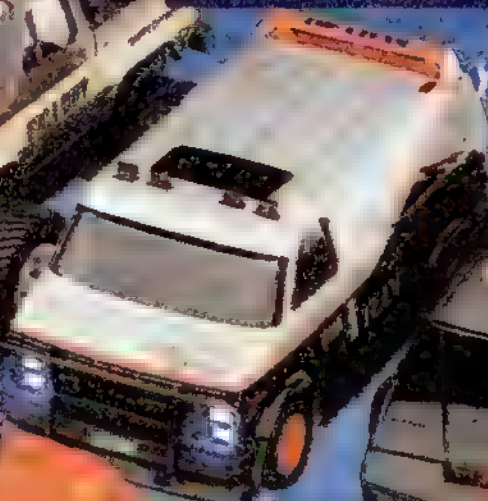
**RADIO  
CONTROL  
CAN YOU  
CONTROL  
THEM?**



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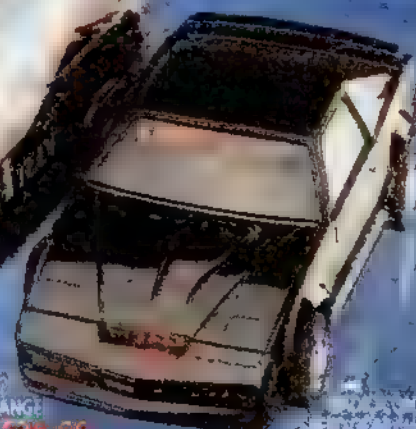


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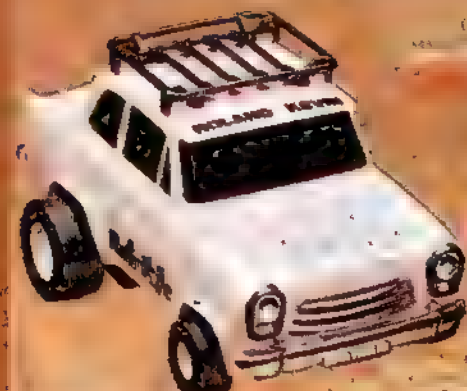
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PLANET M-17: THE WAR ZONE.

THIS IS OROS-GREEN-  
FOUR TO STRIKE-SQUAD  
LEADER! TWO STRONTIUM  
DOGS HAVE BEEN ASKING  
QUESTIONS ABOUT YOU...

# Strontium DOG

WAR ZONE-PART TWO

2000AD  
Credit Card:  
SCRIPT: BOB  
ALAN GRANT  
INK: BOB  
C. EZGUERRA  
LETTERING: BOB  
KID ROSSON  
COMPU-73e

THEY TORTURED  
ONE OF MY PEOPLE —  
FORCED HIM TO TALK.  
THEY'RE ON THEIR  
WAY NOW!

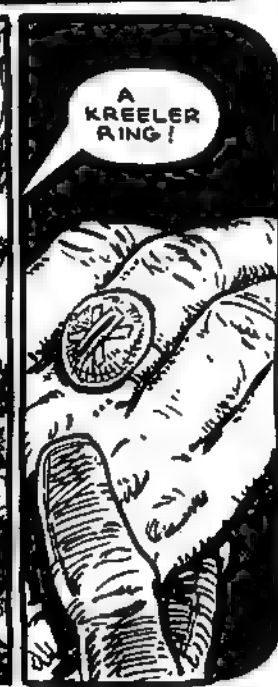
SNECK!

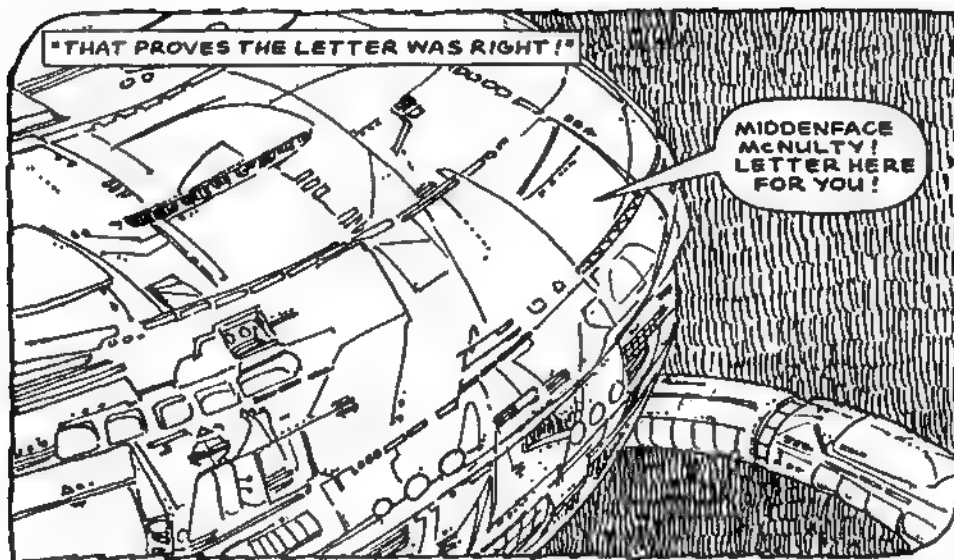
STRONTIUM DOGS!  
HOW THE HELL DID  
THEY FIND OUT  
WHERE WE ARE,  
DAVIE?

HOW DO I  
SNECKIN' KNOW?  
THEY'RE HERE —  
THAT'S ALL THAT  
MATTERS!

DOUBLE THE  
GUARD! THE  
WHOLE CAMP'S  
ON FULL  
ALERT TILL WE  
NAIL 'EM!





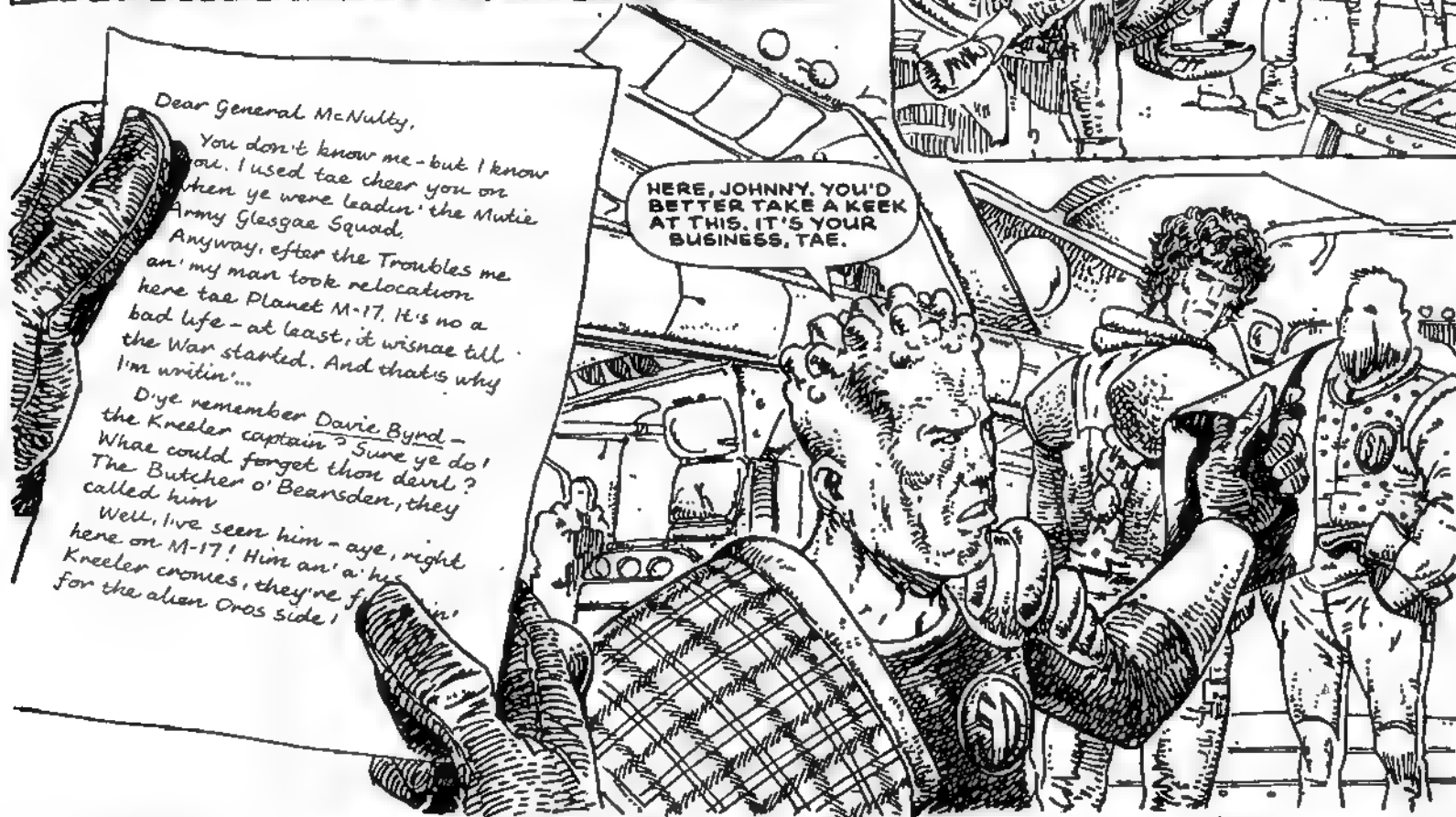


"THAT PROVES THE LETTER WAS RIGHT!"

MIDENFACE  
MCNULTY!  
LETTER HERE  
FOR YOU!



JINGS!  
WHAE'D WRITE  
TAE ME?



Dear General McNulty,

You don't know me - but I know  
ou. I used tae cheer you on  
when ye were leadin' the Mutie  
Army Glasgae Squad.  
Anyway, efter the Troubles me  
an' my man took relocation  
here tae Planet M-17. It's no a  
bad life - at least, it wisnae till  
the War started. And that's why  
I'm writin'...

D'ye remember Davie Byrd -  
the Kneeler captain? Sure ye do!  
Whae could forget thon deevil?  
The Butcher o' Beardsden, they  
called him

Well, I've seen him - aye, right  
here on M-17! Him an' a' his  
Kneeler cronies, they're f...in'  
for the alien Cros side!

HERE, JOHNNY. YOU'D  
BETTER TAKE A KEEK  
AT THIS. IT'S YOUR  
BUSINESS, TAE.



THE BUTCHER  
OF BEARSDEN - STILL  
ALIVE! RECKON IT'S  
TRUE, MIDENFACE?

COULD BE.  
OFFICIAL WORD SAID  
BYRD'S MURDER-UNIT  
GOT WIPE OOT BY A  
FAULTY T-BOMB. BUT  
YE KEN THAE KNEELERS  
- LIARS TAE A MAN!

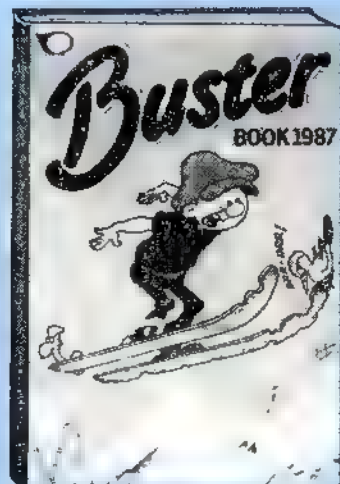
CONTINUED AFTER THE BREAK!



# FLEETWAY ANNUALS 1987

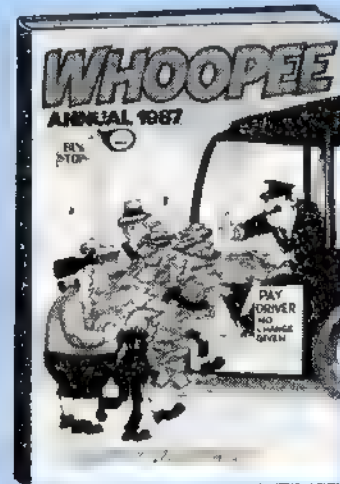
A GALAXY  
OF READING AND ACTIVITY





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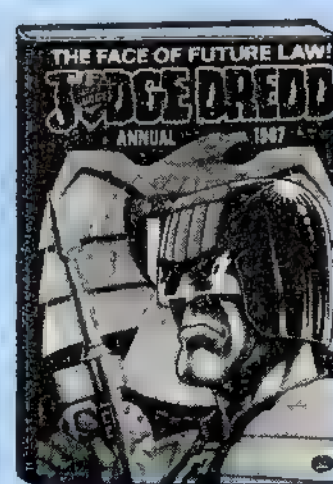
**FUN!  
THRILLS!**



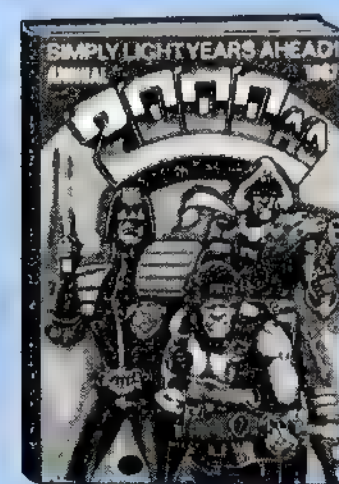
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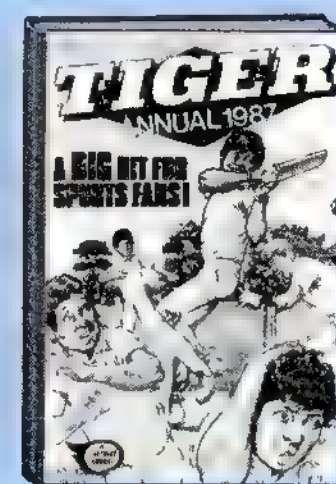
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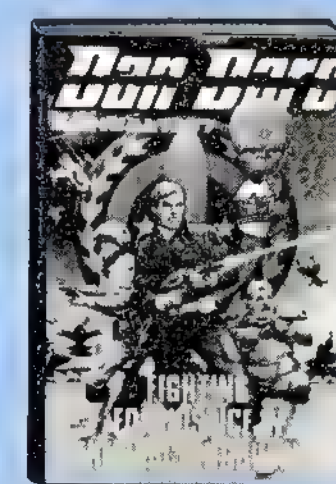
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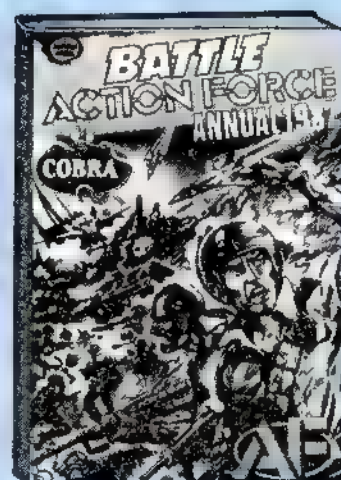
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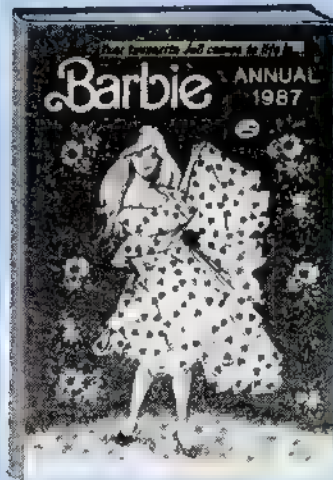


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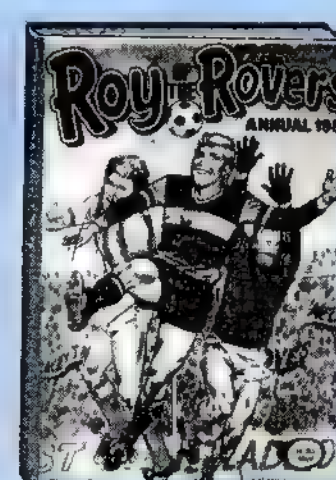


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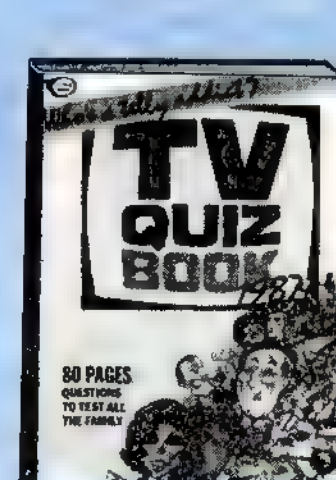


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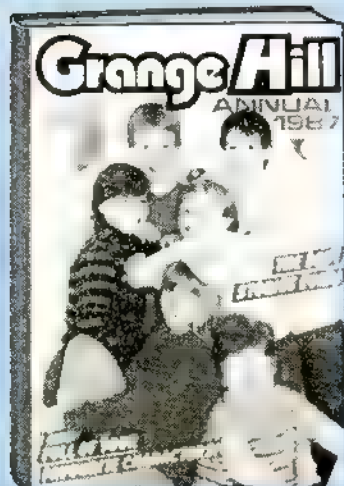


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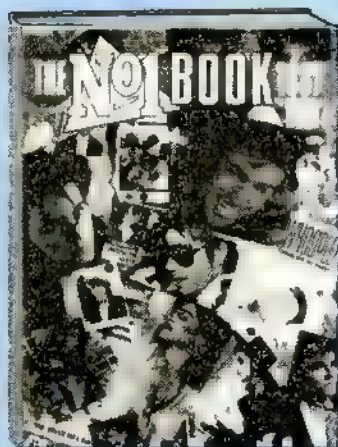


**POP!**





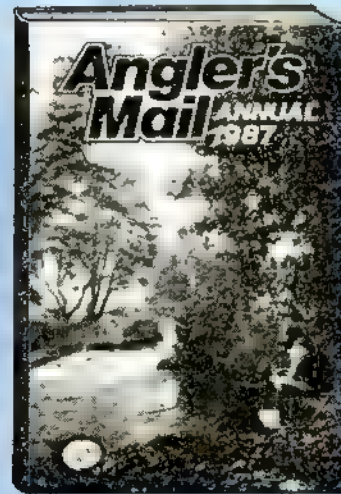
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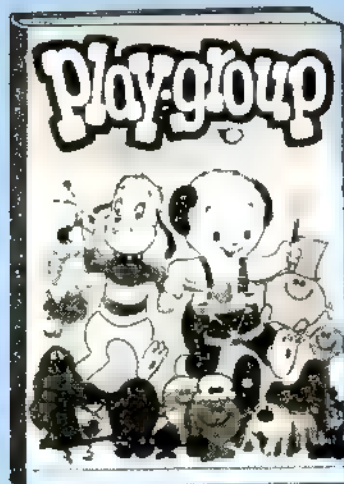
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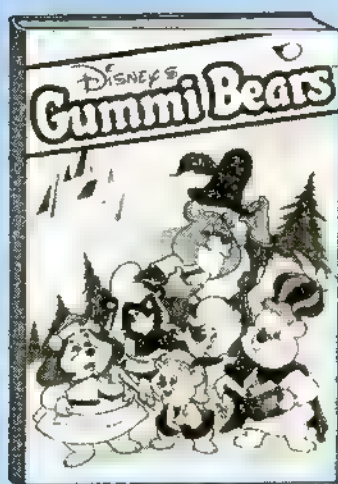
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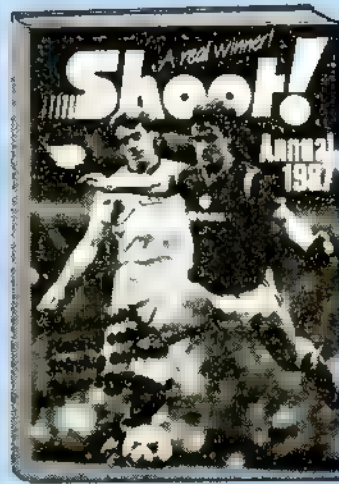
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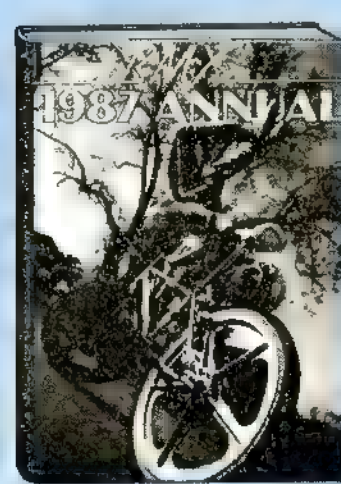
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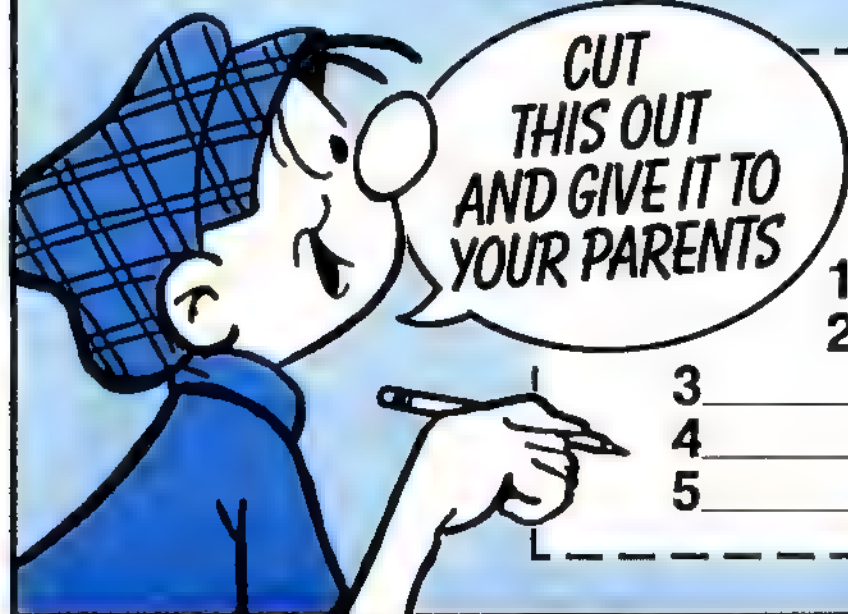
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**CUT  
THIS OUT  
AND GIVE IT TO  
YOUR PARENTS**

**THESE ARE MY FAVOURITE  
ANNUALS HINT! HINT!**

- 1 \_\_\_\_\_
- 2 \_\_\_\_\_
- 3 \_\_\_\_\_
- 4 \_\_\_\_\_
- 5 \_\_\_\_\_







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List your three favourite stories  
IN THIS PROG on the coupon and  
enclose it with your entry.

1.....

2.....

3.....

I Dislike:.....

My Age Is..... 498

## BORA THUNGG, EARTHLETS,

I must ask you all to accept my apologies for the truncated shape, not to mention bizarre location, of your weekly message from the galaxy's greatest editor. "What's the motive for the mayhem, Tharg baby?" I hear you ask. "Is it because the great *Ace Trucking Co* has just been laid to rest after a glorious career in your cosmic comic? Or is it simply because this prog is packed with top-notch thrills like *Judge Dredd*, *Slaine*, *Rogue Trooper* and *Strontium Dog*?" It's neither of these things, Terrans, shattering though they are.....the chaos in the Command Module has been caused by my droids short-circuiting when they see how close we now are to the legendary, the fabled, the really really good Prog 500. I, Tharg the Utterly Brill, however, hereby guarantee that Prog 499—with its final episodes of my current *Slaine*, *Rogue Trooper* and *Strontium Dog* tales—will be printed come what may...even if I have to produce the prog singlehanded! SPLUNDIG VUR THRIGG!

## EPISODE ONE

Village  
OF  
THE DEAD

DEEP IN THE FORESTS OF ARLE,  
DEATH HAS COME...

ΦΧΥΒ Υ  
ΣΛΩΦΛ?

ΔΣΔΦΥΙΒ  
ΓΗΛΧ ΙΗΦΛ  
ΚΑΡΡ!!..

GOTCHA!

BUT DEATH FOR THE RAVAGERS IS AT HAND-

... GALBUS THE SWORD, ERIANE OF THE ELVES AND BURIA QUICKFINGER!!... ADVENTURERS, FREEBOOTERS AND VENGEANCE-TAKERS...

...NOW YOU DIE, UNHUMAN ONES!!

...WHAT COULD HAPPEN NEXT? YOU CAN FIND OUT WITH THE FANTASTIC DUNGEONS & DRAGONS® ROLE-PLAYING GAME. AVAILABLE FROM BETTER GAME SHOPS OR—TSR UK LIMITED, THE MILL RATHMORE ROAD, CAMBRIDGE CB1 4AD



# JUDGE DREDD

ON THE TRAIL OF  
KIDNAPPED JUDGE  
SALINA TRACE,  
DREDD AND  
ANDERSON MEET UP  
ON BASIN STREET -

TOMB  
OF THE  
JUDGES!

BARROOM!

THERE!  
SHE'S IN  
THERE!







CONTROL! I'M ON BASIN STREET -  
WEN MANSION'S JUST BLOWN  
SKY HIGH!

EMERGENCY SQUADS -  
AND PRONTO!



TRACE IS UNDER THAT,  
ALL RIGHT -

AND NOT  
JUST HER...

GOOGAN AND GROSERG -  
THEY'RE THERE TOO... AND  
SOMEONE ELSE...

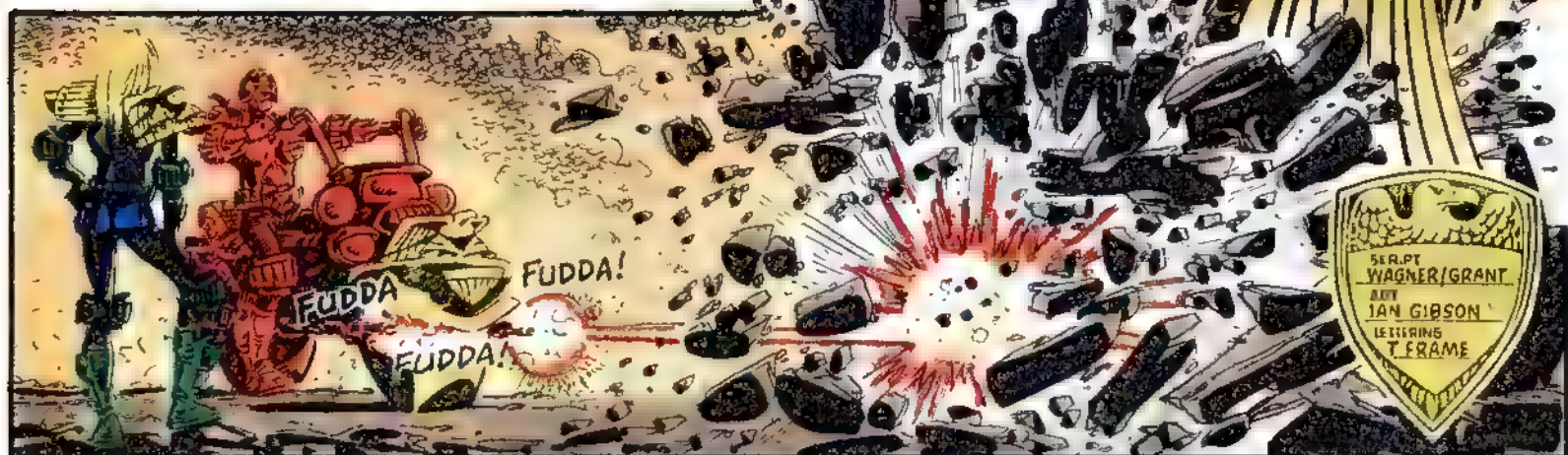
... AN  
ELDSTER - OLD MAN WEN...  
WEAK... DYING...

POISON! HE'S BEEN  
POISONED!



G'MON! GIMME A HAND!

YOU'RE WASTING  
YOUR TIME!  
STAND BACK!



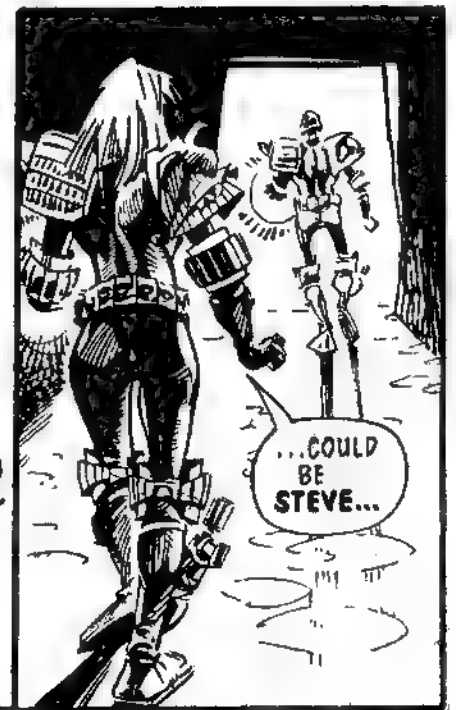
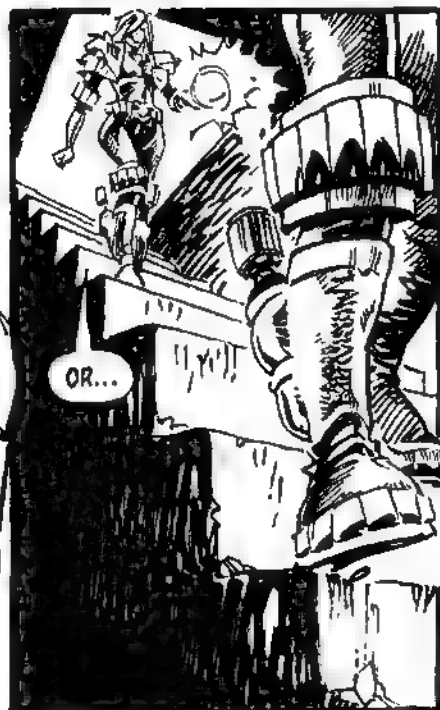
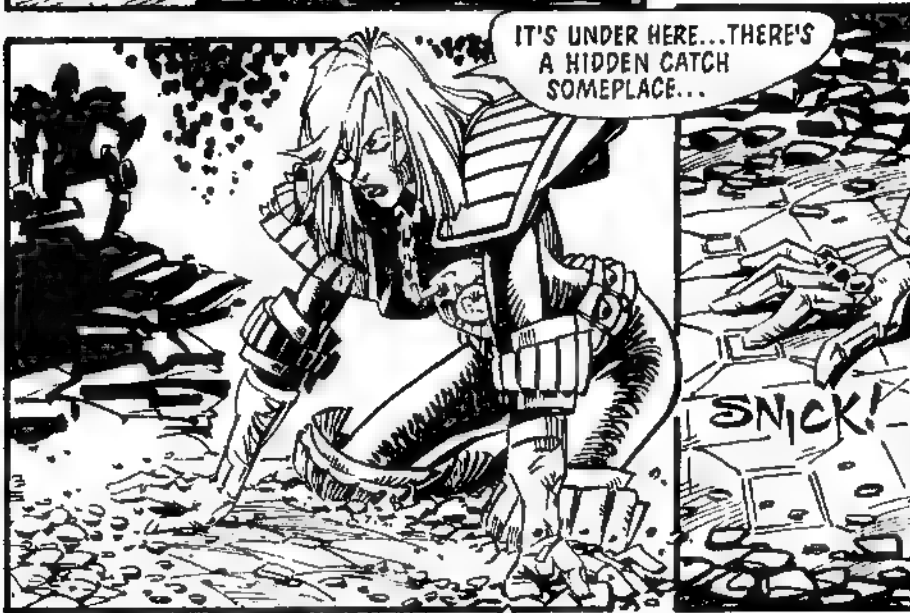
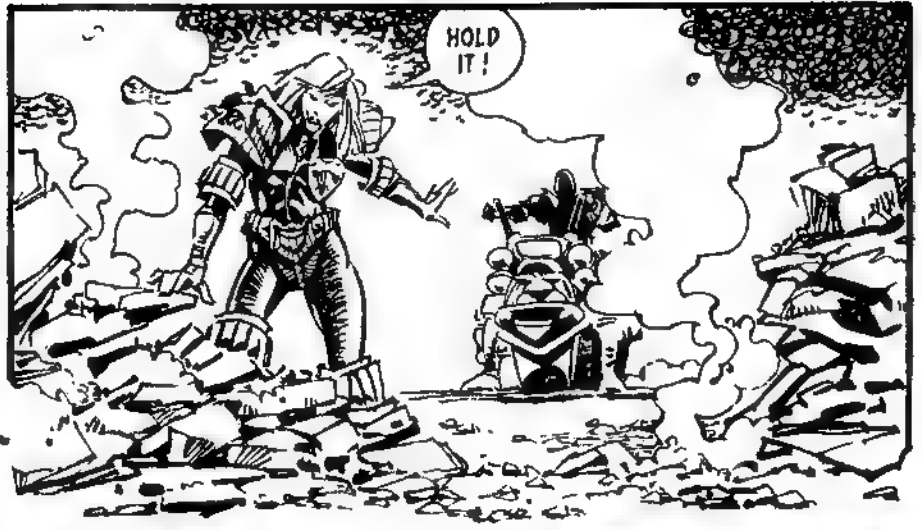
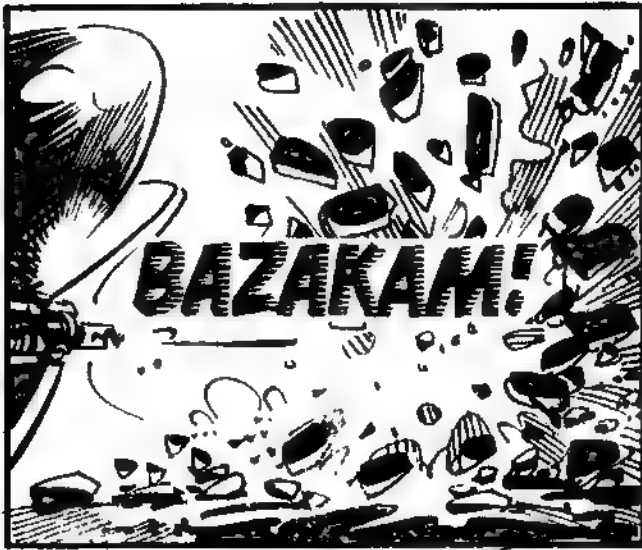
FUDDA!

FUDDA!

FUDDA!









SWEET GRUD ON  
A BIKE!

YOU RECKON WEN  
HAD **PLANNING**  
**PERMISSION**  
FOR THIS?



THAT'S HIM - WEN.  
HE'S STILL  
ALIVE...

DROKK! I SEE IT ALL NOW - HE'S A LOON!  
100 PER CENT CREAM CHEEZ!

HE THINKS  
HE'S GOING ON SOME JOURNEY THROUGH  
HELL TO MEET THIS INSECT GOD. **TRACE -**  
**GOOGAN AND GROSFERG** - THEY'RE HIS  
GUARDIANS.



WHERE  
ARE  
THEY?

THERE -  
IN THE  
SARCOPHAGI!

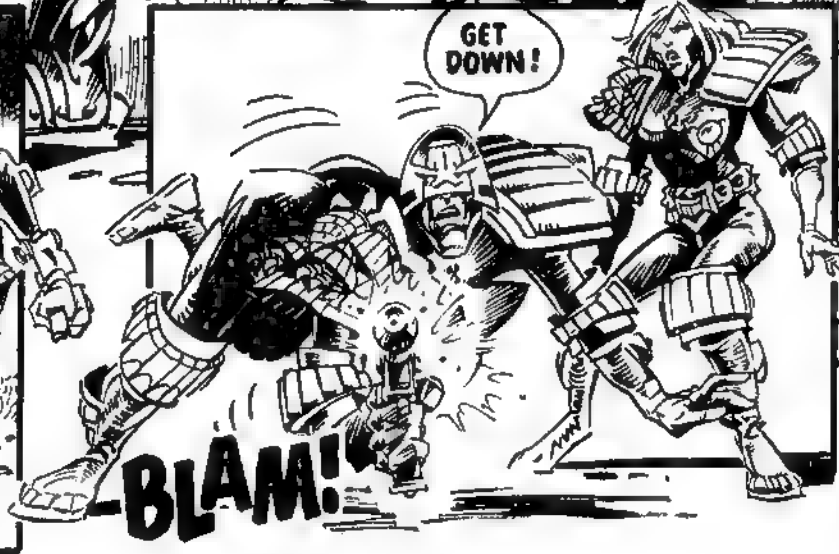
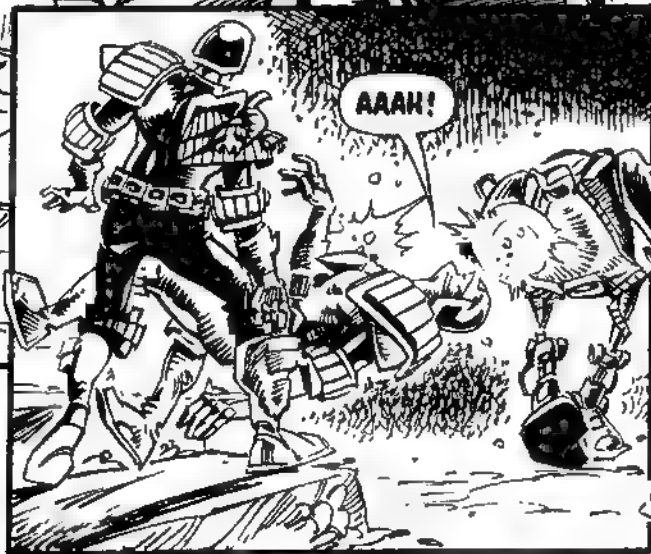


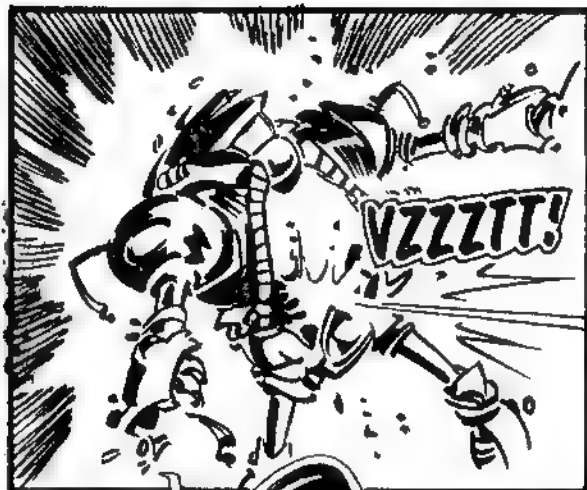


THE OPENING OF  
THE SARCOPHAGUS  
TRIPS AN ALARM -

BZZT

TOMB ROBBERS!  
TOMB ROBBERS!

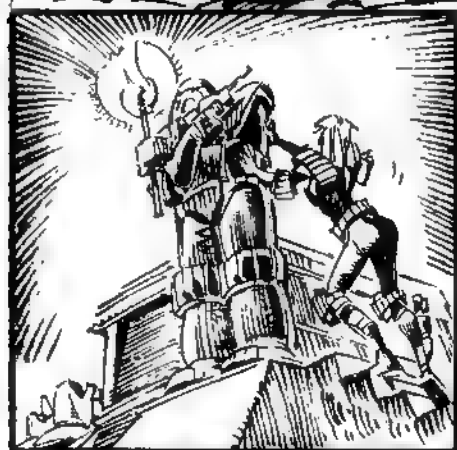




GROSFERG!  
YOU OKAY?



Y-YEAH. WHAT...  
WHAT THE HELL'S  
GOING ON?



TRACE...



TRACE, IT'S ALL RIGHT.  
YOU'RE GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT.





EMERGENCY SQUADS  
ARRIVE -

AAAHH!

AAAHH!

AAAHH!

TREAT  
HER  
GENTLY -  
PSYCHO  
UNIT.

BETTER TAKE A LOOK  
AT THIS ONE. HE'S  
GOING FAST.

AS THE POISON  
COMPLETES ITS WORK,  
THEODORE WEN'S  
EYES FLICKER  
WEAKLY OPEN FOR  
THE LAST TIME...

JOSÉ...?  
JOSÉ...?

WHY,  
JOSÉ...  
WHY?

SHUDDUP! I'LL ASK  
THE QUESTIONS,  
CREEP!

"SHUT UP...I'LL ASK  
THE QUESTIONS,  
CREEP..." OF COURSE!  
OF COURSE! I SEE IT ALL  
SO CLEARLY NOW!  
THANK YOU, JOSÉ -  
THANK YOU!

THUNK!

OR  
SHOULD  
I SAY  
STEVE?

THUNK!





ROGUE TROOPER...  
FACE-TO-FACE WITH...

VENUS! VENUS  
BLUEGENES!

CAN'T BE.  
SHE DIED ON  
CALISAN  
ISLAND!

I'LL MAKE SURE  
THIS TIME, THE  
LOUSY MAN-  
KILLER!

BUDDA!  
BUDDA!  
BUDDA!

THE BULLETS  
ARE HAVING NO  
EFFECT! I DON'T  
GET IT!

2000AD  
Credit Card:  
SCRIPT: ROBOTS  
GELLER/MACMANUS  
ART: ROBOT  
STEVE DILLON  
LETTERING: ROBOT  
GORDON ROBSON  
COMPU-73e

ALWAYS WERE  
A VISION,  
WEREN'T YOU,  
VENUS?

I'M A  
MESSENGER  
FROM YOUR  
MIND NOW,  
ROGUE.

WHOEVER  
SENT YOU, YOU  
SAID THEY  
WANTED AN END  
TO THE WAR...

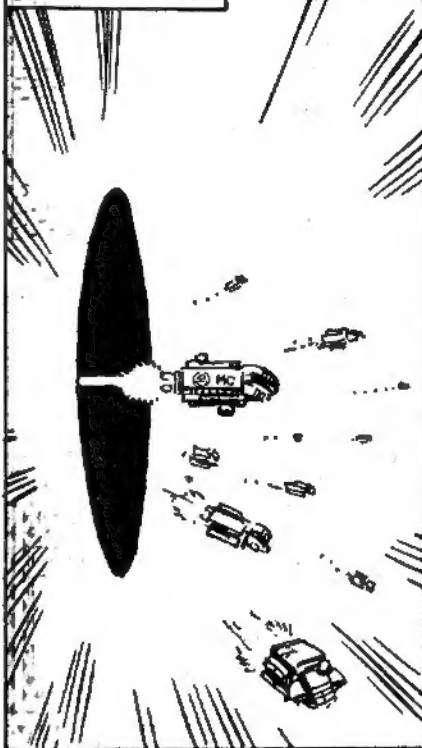
NOT THE WAR,  
ROGUE...AN END  
TO ALL WAR.

AND YOU, THE  
ULTIMATE  
WARRIOR, ARE  
THE KEY TO  
THEIR PLAN!

# ROGUE TROOPER

THE SCHEME'S THE THING.

"CIVILISATIONS RISE AND FALL, ROGUE. YOURS WAS NOT THE FIRST TO USE BLACK HOLES AS A MEANS OF TRAVELLING THE GALAXY..."



"...COLONISING IT..."

PLANET AHEAD!  
SCANNERS SHOW  
IT'S JUST LIKE  
HOME!

EAT YOUR HEART  
OUT, NORTH-CORP.  
THE SOUTHERS  
HAVE JUST FOUND  
A...A NU EARTH!



"...AND FIGHTING OVER IT..."



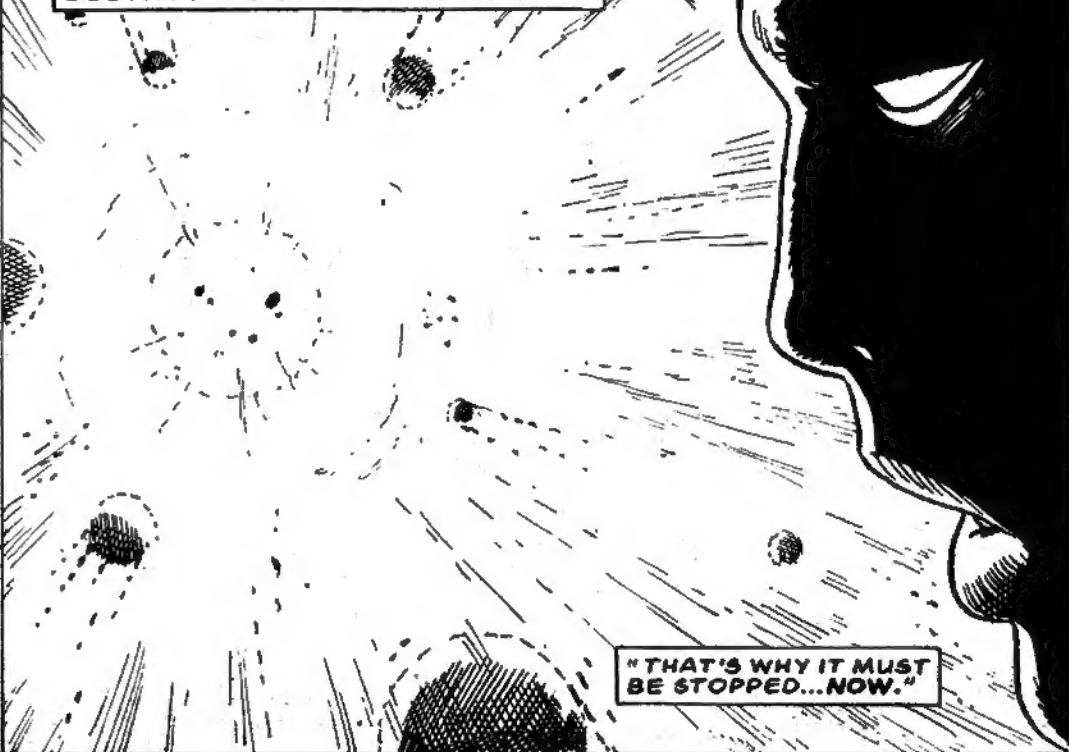
"AT FIRST, MY MASTERS IGNORED YOUR PETTY SQUABBLE, AS THEY HAD IGNORED THE WARS OF PREVIOUS EMPIRES..."

"THE TERRAN RACE WOULD NOT BE THE FIRST TO TRAVEL TO THE BRINK OF EXTINCTION IN THE NAME OF HONOUR..."



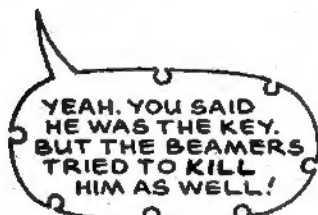
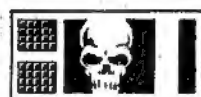
"IT WAS WHEN THE CONFLICT SPREAD AND GREW THAT THEY HAD TO TAKE NOTICE."

"NEVER HAD A WAR BEEN FOUGHT WITH SUCH FEROCITY. IT HAD BECOME A CANCER THAT THREATENED TO DESTROY THE ENTIRE GALAXY."



"THAT'S WHY IT MUST BE STOPPED...NOW."



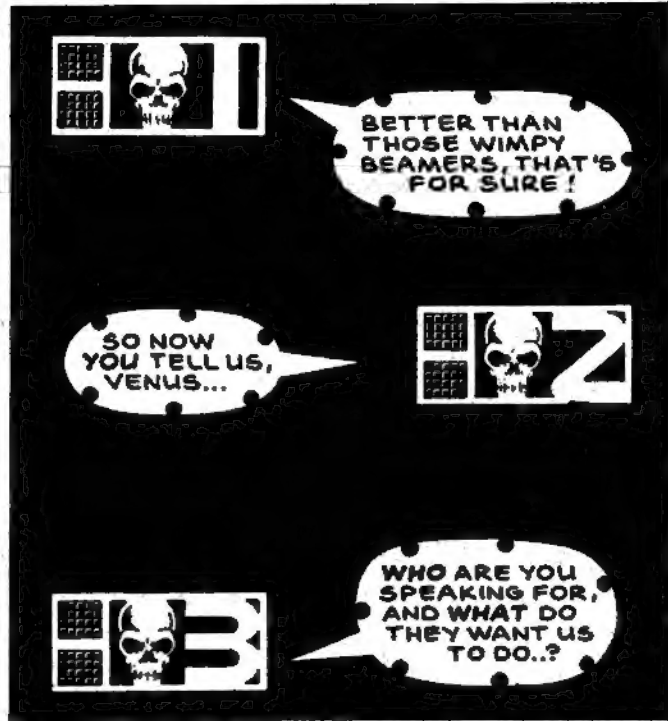




SO THAT'S WHY YOU PUT ME THROUGH THE ASSAULT COURSE. TO CHECK I WAS AS GOOD AS YOU THOUGHT!



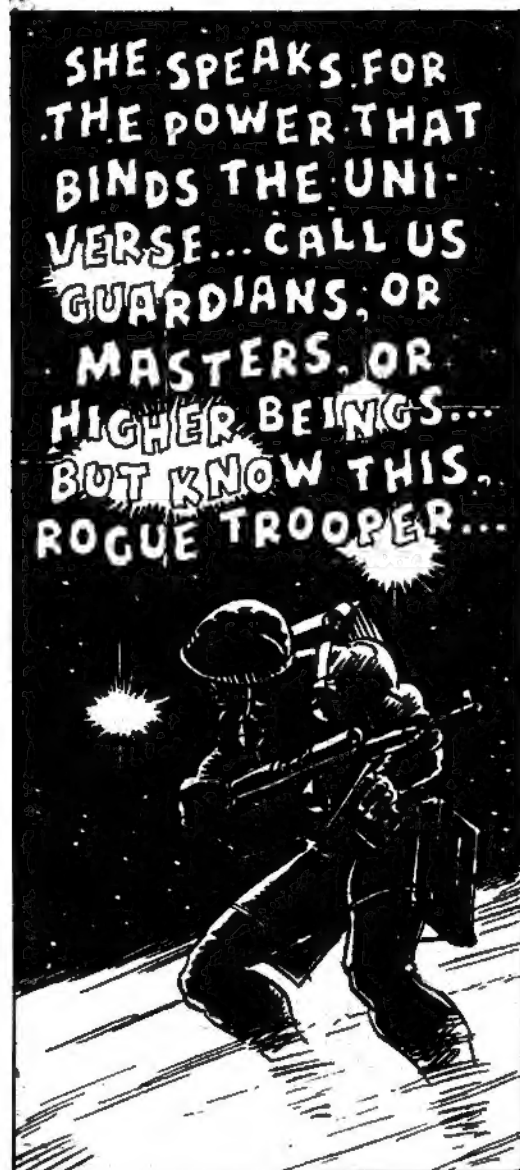
EXACTLY, ROGUE. AND YOUR DISPLAY OF COMBAT SKILLS PROVED THAT, TRULY, YOU ARE THE ULTIMATE FIGHTING MACHINE!



BETTER THAN THOSE WIMPY BEAMERS, THAT'S FOR SURE!

SO NOW YOU TELL US, VENUS...

WHO ARE YOU SPEAKING FOR, AND WHAT DO THEY WANT US TO DO..?



SHE SPEAKS FOR THE POWER THAT BINDS THE UNIVERSE... CALL US GUARDIANS, OR MASTERS, OR HIGHER BEINGS... BUT KNOW THIS, ROGUE TROOPER...



YOU ARE TO BE OUR ANGEL OF DEATH!

Next  
Prog

THE MISSION.



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# THE ULTIMATE ADVENTURE!



## THE TRANSFORMERS THE MOVIE

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